



#5

\$2.95 US
\$3.95 CAN

JOHNNY

THE HOMICIDAL MANIAC

JTHM #5 (AN ASCENT) IN HELL

How lovely it would be to KNOW something. Well, perhaps lovely is the wrong word for indisputable knowledge, but the sensation would, surely be an interesting one to say the least. Human beings are described as "creatures of reason", this, in no way, means that the reasoning the mind allows itself to be sustained by, in order to function in the world, in order to keep from slipping off of it, is indisputable. Information seems to function as the ultimate placebo (so long as we feel it is worth something, we allow ourselves to continue living our lives by it.) To say one "knows" something is deceptive, for, what they really seem to be doing is trusting in a concept, an ideal, all the while never truly knowing the object being referred to, but trusting in the explanations fed to them in association with that object. It's like never, honestly, seeing something, rather only using our eyes to see the colored light bouncing off of it's surfaces. Descartes looked outside of his window, and questioned how he could know that the people walking below were not metal machines in human guise, and he, then, proceeded to establish some



system for knowing "what is real" to him. Well, hooray for Descartes, but what about someone with absolutely no stable standing point from which to assess the rest of their world? Where is the value in a life in total questioning of ITSELF with NEVER a particular belief with which to keep buoyant. Reality is but a bridge suspended, solely, by the belief of those who must traverse it. Our boy Johnny stopped halfway across, and lost sight of the two directions at hand. I do not adore death as if I were some idiot groupie to the lead singer in a band. I approach it with the mixture of fascination/terror/icy speculation of someone who really knows nothing. I trust, only enough, to know that I like myself too much to even consider bringing about my own demise. What a stupid fuck Johnny was...eh..is.

But, then again, what do I know?

as always, I thank you reader zombies for all the letters and e-mail. Contrary to popular belief, the WEIRDER the letter does not necessarily mean the BETTER. My compliments to those who create such memorable envelopes, however (NEAT). It's been busier, lately, so I cannot reply so much, but I try. Like you're really losing sleep over this. Pleasant something, people.

Johnny the Homicidal Maniac #5 July 1998 • Published by SLG Publishing 325 South First St., Suite 301, San Jose, CA 95113. JTHM and all other related cutesy-wotsy-poochs are TM and © little Jhonen Vasquez. No part of this bitter publication may be reproduced, except for purposes of kind review, and/or for use in ancient rituals dedicated to the resurrection of the Spooky Outer Space Monkey, without the written permission of Jhonen V and SLG. Printed by slave children, in Canada. Actually, forget about Spooky Space Monkey - He is very bad.

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JOHNNY the HOMICIDAL MANIAC



DILLON.

DILLON,
WAKE UP.

DON'T YOU
FEEL THAT?

PLEASE.

THE WHOLE
PLACE IS SHA...

OH, EDD,
DILLON!

AN
EVENTFUL
DAY

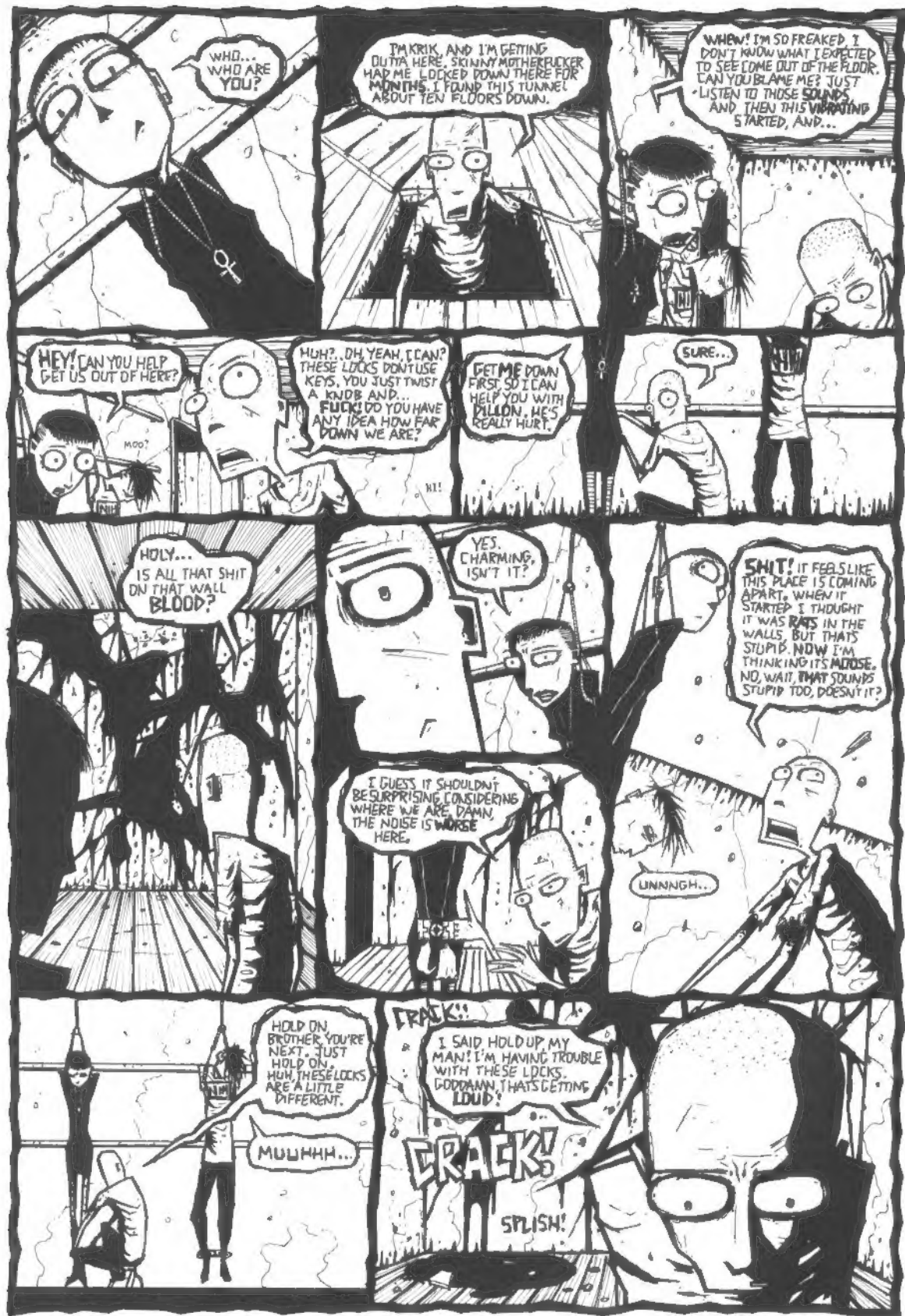
THE FLOOR

SOMETHING'S
COMING UP FROM
UNDER THE FLOOR.

THUMP!
THUD!
THUMP!

THWAK!
THUMP!

OH,
HI.



WHO... WHO ARE YOU?

I'M KRIK, AND I'M GETTING OUTTA HERE. SKINNY MOTHERFUCKER HAD ME LOCKED DOWN THERE FOR MONTHS. I FOUND THIS TUNNEL ABOUT TEN FLOORS DOWN.

WHEN! I'M SO FREAKED I DON'T KNOW WHAT I EXPECTED TO SEE COME OUT OF THE FLOOR. CAN YOU BLAME ME? JUST LISTEN TO THOSE SOUNDS AND THEN THIS VIBRATING STARTED, AND...

HEY! CAN YOU HELP GET US OUT OF HERE?

MOO?

HUH? OH YEAH, I CAN? THESE LOCKS DONT USE KEYS, YOU JUST TWIST A KNOB AND... FUCK! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW FAR DOWN WE ARE?

GET ME DOWN FIRST SO I CAN HELP YOU WITH PILLON. HE'S REALLY HURT.

SURE...

HOLY... IS ALL THAT SHIT ON THAT WALL BLOOD?

YES. CHARMING, ISN'T IT?

SHIT! IT FEELS LIKE THIS PLACE IS COMING APART. WHEN IT STARTED I THOUGHT IT WAS RATS IN THE WALLS, BUT THATS STUPID. NOW I'M THINKING ITS A MOOSE. NO, WAIT, THAT SOUNDS STUPID TOO, DOESN'T IT?

I GUESS IT SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISING CONSIDERING WHERE WE ARE, DAMN THE NOISE IS WORSE HERE.

UNNNGH...

HOLD ON, BROTHER YOU'RE NEXT. JUST HOLD ON. HUH, THESE LOCKS ARE A LITTLE DIFFERENT.

MUUHHH...

CRACK!

I SAID HOLD UP MY MAN! I'M HAVING TROUBLE WITH THESE LOCKS. GODDAMN THATS GETTING LOUD!

CRACK!

SPLISH!





HEY!! HEY!!
COME ON!!
LETS GO!!!

BIT-O-SHOCK

LOOK HOW
HARRY HE IS!

DILLON'S
DEAD!!

KISS- DON'T BE
SCARED: HE
DON'T BITE!

OH WELL, IT
WASN'T WORKING
OUT ANYHOW.

GUSTO

SHUT UP AND
RUUUUN!!

RUN WHERE!! WE'RE
BURIED ALIVE WITH
BOSCH'S BRAINS
POURING OUT OF A
WALL!! RUN WHERE?

DON'T BE STUPID!
IT'S JUST A HOUSE.
HOW FAR COULD
IT BE?!!

END

LIKE A MIGHTY DENTIST AMONGST THE TOOTHLESS, HE IS....

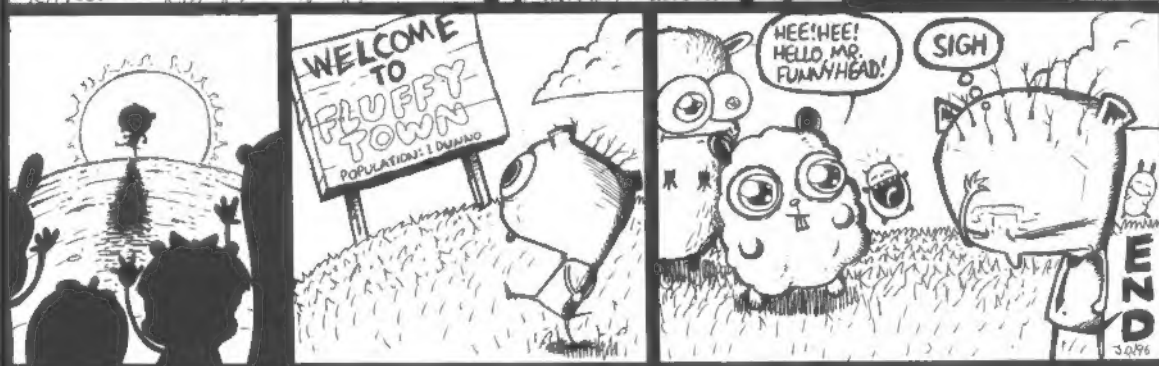
J.T.V

WOBBLYHEADED BOB

FEEL MY HURT

I WOULD INSULT YOUR INTELLIGENCE, BUT WHAT WOULD BE THE POINT?

—WHB



SHIT! IT FEELS LIKE
WE'VE BEEN RUNNING
AROUND FOR HOURS.
LET'S REST FOR A
MINUTE.

OKAY!! AND HEY, LET'S
ALSO THRUST OUR THUMBS
DEEP INTO OUR EYE-
SOCKETS!! WHEEEE!!
EMON, HOW STUPID ARE YOU?!

ALL

WHAT? DON'T YOU
EVEN TRY TO TALK
TO ME LIKE THAT.

DR WHAT? YOU'LL "KICK MY
FUCKIN' ASS"? I'M SO SICK OF
HEARING YOU TALK ABOUT "FUCKERS"
AND KICKING PEOPLE'S ASSES. THATS
ALL YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT.
COULD YOU JUST PLEASE TURN IT OFF?
YOU'RE WORSE THAN DILLON IS...
EH... WAS.

NOT... GRASPING.
SHE SPEAKS OF MY
MAULNESS, BUT IN
...WHAT... A
NEGATIVE WAY?
CONFUSION!

HEY! I SAVED
YOUR LIFE, YOU
LITTLE BIT...

THANKS! AND I
MEAN THAT. BUT NOW
ALL YOUR DOING IS
REMINING ME WHY
SOME PEOPLE ACTUALLY
WISH THEY WERE
DEAD.
I'M BEGINNING
TO SEE WHY THIS
GUY CHOSE YOU.

ME AND SOME FRIENDS
WERE STANDING OUT IN FRONT
OF THE 24-7. JUST TRYING
TO GET MY MIND OFF OF THIS
GIRL. SHE BROKE UP WITH ME.
SHE WAS ALWAYS TELLING ME
WHAT TO DO - "STOP HITTING
MEEE! QUIT ASKING ME WHERE
I'VE BEEN! STOP KICKING
GRANMA! DON'T DO THAT
TO MY HAMSTER!!" I MEAN,
SHIT, I'M JUST ME, AND IF
THATS NOT GOOD ENOUGH...
WELL, ANYWAYS...
THEN THIS LITTLE CAR
PULLS UP.

AND, ON THAT SUBJECT,
OH-KICKER-DRASSES, HOW
DID YOU END UP HERE?

FUUUCK. DESPITE THAT
CHUNK OF
BRAIN HE
PULLED OUT
THE BACK OF
MY HEAD, I
CAN STILL
REMEMBER.

AWWW YEAH,
I SEE GIRL...
OHUUUUHHH...
I LIKE... TO
TOUCH

VROOM!

AND THEN IT STEPS OUT THE BIGGEST DORK YOU'D EVER SEE! OH... HE HAD ALL THE SIGNS, YET.

DEGRADATION IS EASY TO DO!!

IT IS EASIER TO LAUGH THAN TO FACE ONE'S OWN IGNORANCE - CONCORDANCE

SO WEAK!! LOOK HOW HE MAKES ME SEEM TOUGHER!!

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GASP! IT'S TRUE!! LET ME TRY!!

PUNY MUSCLES = JUST BEGGING TO HAVE ASS KICKED.

LOOKS LIKE DORK = DORK

HEHEHE... S BAD BOOKS.

STANDS OUT IN A CROWD = MUST BE RIDICULOUS

SKINNY = FAG!! THREAT TO MAJORITY!!

WEIRD LEATHER BOOTS = SAN FRANCISCO (AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS)

JUST RAIN LOOKS FUNNY = GETS MY MIND OFF OF HOW AMAZINGLY STUPID I AM.

SEEN AN AMAZING ASSHOLE-VISION!!

SOME'S SHAKING AND WHINING THAT HE ONLY WANTED A BRAINFREEZY AND DIDN'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED. JUST LIKE A LITTLE GIRL.

I AM LAUGHING AT HIS FUNNY-NESS!

WEENY DOGS \$1.00
DO NOT LET ANYONE

WE PUSHED HIM AROUND SOME MORE, FOR A FEW MORE MINUTES.

AND THEN, AND I SWEAR THIS HAPPENED. I SWEAR...

HE SHOT LASER BEAMS FROM HIS EYES!!!

BZZAP!

WAIT, STOP!! LASER BEAMS?! JUST WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU DRINKING?!!

HE STARTS CRYING AND YELLING ABOUT PEOPLE USING RACIAL DISPARITY AS A SHIELD, WHILE ONLY REINFORCING OLD STEREOTYPES.

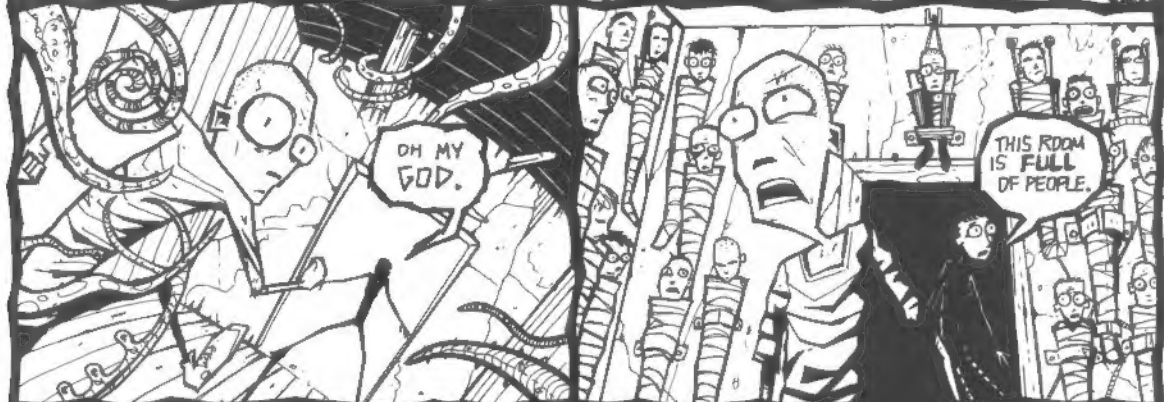
SHIT LIKE THAT.

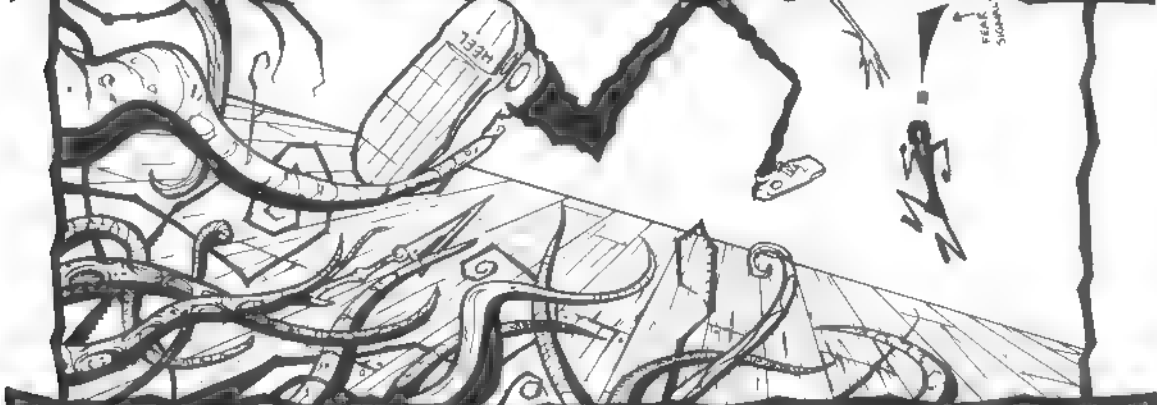
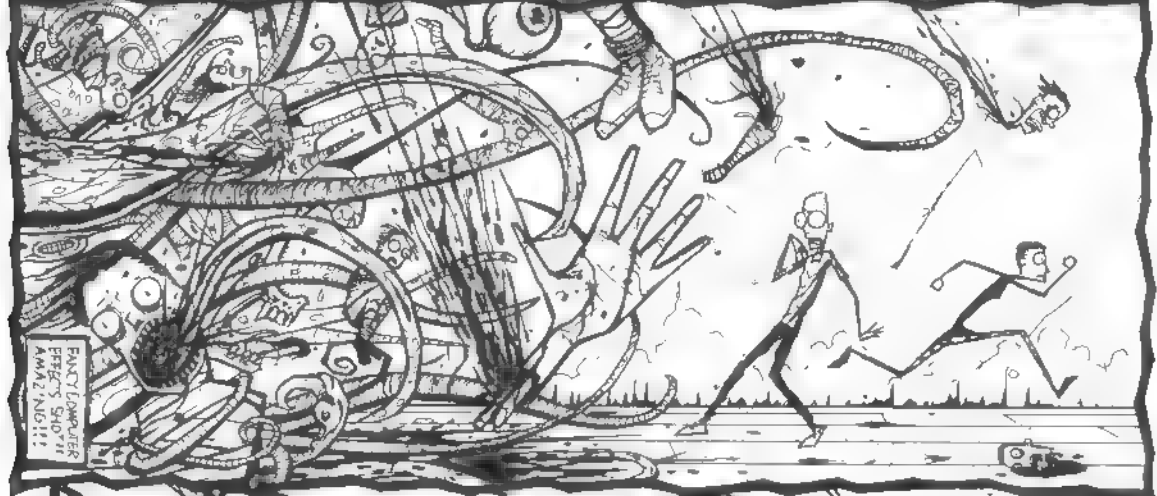
AND..

UH..

AAAAGH!!

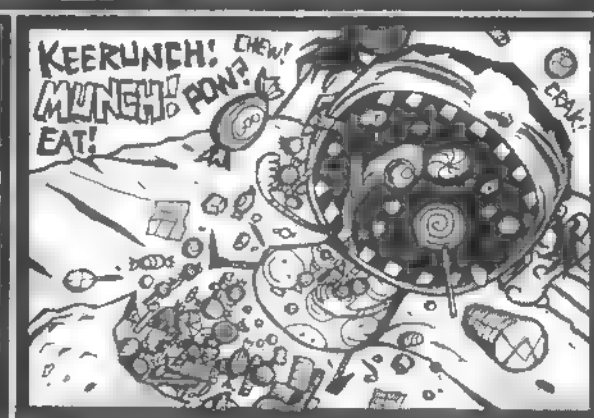
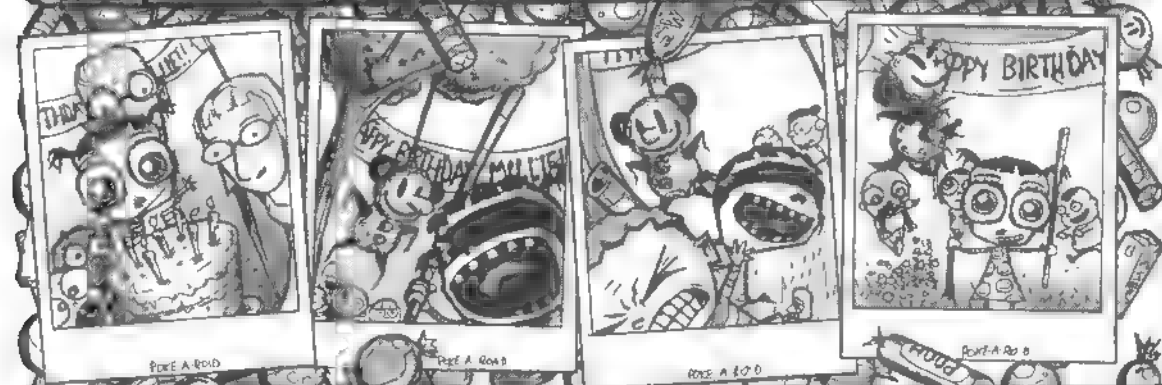
SHOT UP! I'M TRYING TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED! SD, ANYWAYS...

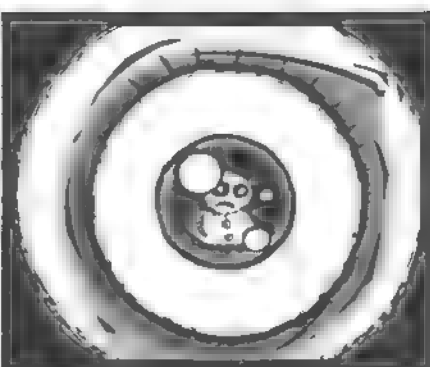
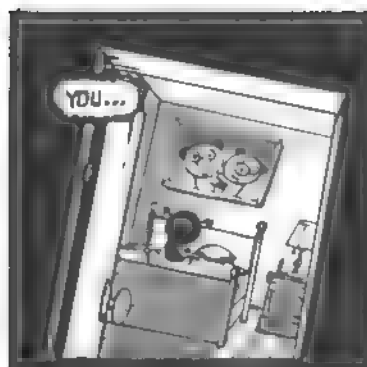




MEANWHILE

THE LITTLE GIRL EATS HER CANDY







NOMMEEEED

OHH... SAVE YOUR
SCREAMS CHILD,
MOMMY WON'T BE
HEARING THEM...

IN FACT...

I DOUBT SHE'LL BE HEARING
MUCH OF ANYTHING FROM NOW
ON. BUT THESE THINGS HAPPEN
RIGHT?

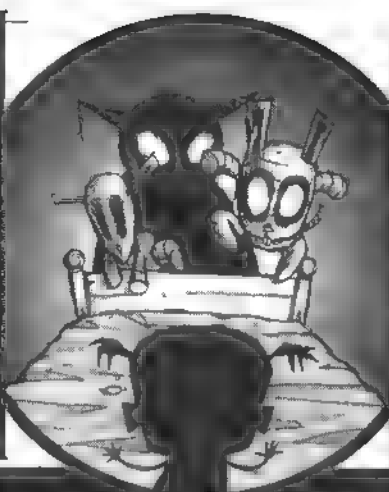
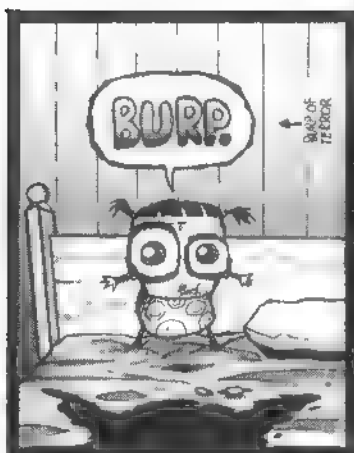
DADDY?

heh NO.
NO NOODS.
I DON'T
THINK DADDY
WILL BE OF
MUCH HELP.

DA...

SUCH A BUMME TOO BECAUSE
HE SERMED LIKE SUCH ANICE
MAN. BUT LIFE'S BRUTALTY IS
A BLIND THING IS IT NOT?
TIES US UP, AND WE SWING
AROUND GOING NOWHERE,
WAITING IN TERROR FOR THE
INEVITABLE BLOWS.

CANDY CAN BE
SUCH A VERY BAD
THING FOR YOU.



JOHNNY the HOMICIDAL DEAD-BOY

TALKING TO
STYROFOAM



OKAY.. "Pant" I THINK I HEARD A CAR HONK "Pant"... WE MUST BE CLOSE TO THE TOP.



YEAH, WELL... I STILL HEAR SCREAMING, SO WE'RE PROBABLY STILL CLOSER TO HELL.



HEY!! JUST WHAT THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM, MORTICIA? YOU'VE BEEN SUCH A BITCH EVER SINCE I RESILED YOU!! I CAN SEE WHY HE CHOSE YOU TO BE HERE!!!

TO THE PETTING ZOO



SLEEP COMES TO THE... USIES DOWN FLOOR OF... BUT... I AM NOT HERE...

ACTUALLY I'M HERE BECAUSE I WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO KEEP THE COMPANY OF SOMEONE LIKE YOU.



I... I DON'T EXACTLY MAKE FRIENDS EASILY. WHEN I MOVED HERE I JUST WANTED TO MEET SOME NICE PEDDLE.

I DIDN'T.



JUST A BUNCH OF GOSSIPY SHITS, TRASHY ASSHOLES AND BITCHES WHO STILL THINK THERE IN JUNIOR HIGH WITH NOTHING BUT WANE CRITICISM FOR EVERYONE ELSE.



AND I PUT UP WITH IT. JUST TO HAVE SOMEONE LIKE ME. I NEVER SAID ANYTHING. I FIGURED IT WAS BETTER THAN NOT HAVING FRIENDS.

YOU KNOW, I'M BETTER NOW. BEING ALONE ISN'T SUCH A BAD THING

THAT THING CHASING US, IS SCARY WHEN WILL THE PEDDLE?

SUBMIT MESSAGE: THOUGH IT'S NOT READY YET, IT IS!

OH, AND THEN, THE GUYS-
DON'T EVEN GET ME STARTED
ON THEM. DILLON WAS ONLY
THE MOST RECENT OF THE
SHITTY GUYS I'VE KNOWN.
THEY ALL SEEMED OKAY,
AT FIRST, BUT I FIGURE I
WAS JUST A LOUSY JUDGE
OF CHARACTER.
I COULD REALLY
PICK 'EM.

DILLON, POOR, DISMEMBERED
DILLON. TORN APART.
I'M NOT A VIOLENT
PERSON, BUT...
GOD I WISH I HAD
THAT ON TAPE!!

I EXPECTED TO SEE A
FLOOD OF ALL THE
SHIT HE WAS FULL OF.

BASTARD.

AND THOUGH
HE NEVER
HIT ME, I
COULD SEE IN
HIS FACE, THAT
HE WANTED
TO. I MADE
HIM FEEL
STUPID.

DAMN, SHE'S
IRRITATING, AND
SHE DOESN'T HAVE
ANY TITS.
STILL, I'D DO HER.

AND YOU!! YOU SHIT-BRAINED
M.DRON!! YOU'RE NOT HERE BECAUSE
THAT GUY IS SOME PSYCHOTIC
RAVING, NED-NAZI NERD!!
YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE
YOU'RE A SMALL MINDED
ASS-TICK!!!

I DID.

HE DID.

FUCKING HELL.

SHIT!

YOU SEE, HE'S A BIT
UPSET, JUST NOW.

NONE TOO PLEASED WITH
THE TURN OF EVENTS.

FUCK FUCK
FUCKETY
DOCKYPOON!!

I, ON THE
OTHER HAND,
FEEL, QUITE,
LOVELY.

WHO'S THERE?
WHO SAID THAT?

THE FACT THAT I'M
HERE SHOWS THAT
HE'S FUCKED UP
ENOUGH TO HAVE
A BLURRY AIM!

HE'S NOT
GETTING ANY
FAN LETTERS
FROM ME!
WHY THE...

OH, LOOK
AN ANKH.
HOW FASHIONABLE.
NONE TOO
FUNCT DUAL
HERE THOUGH

IRONIC, REALLY.
CONSIDERING I'M
KNOWN TO BE THE
DEPRESSIVE END OF
THINGS,

WHILE HE IS
MORE ACCUSTOMED
TO BEING THE
MANIC ONE.

SHUT UP!!
DON'T MAKE
ME
BREAK MY
FOOT OFF
IN YOUR
ASS!!

OH, MY GOD.
WHAT ARE YOU??

I WANT
MUFFINS

SHIT...
ARE YOU
THE PILLSB...

LITTLE GIRL...
YOU, NO DOUBT,
HEARD THAT
LOUD REPORT
LAST NIGHT.
HAVE YOU ANY
IDEA WHAT THAT
WAS??

NO! NO!
I HAVEN'T THE
TIME TO
ACKNOWLEDGE
YOUR
QUESTIONS.
PRE-QUINTOUS
BLOODSACKS.

SEE, KIDS, EFF'S LITTLE MUTINY HAS FAILED. HIS HOPE DIES WITH THE BLEEDING "ARTIST" IN THE OTHER ROOM.

I'VE WDN, AND I AWAIT RE-INTEGRATION WITH MY MASTER.

ITS PRISON COULD ONLY BE OPENED FROM THIS SIDE, SO IT MADE US TO BREAK THE LOCK. IT FED FROM NINNY'S IMAGINATION TO MAKE US STRONGER MORE VIVID. THE MORE IMPATIENT IT GREW, THE STRONGER IT MADE US.

AND THE STRONGER WE GOT, THE MORE "REAL" WE BECAME. EFF BEGAN SHOWING SIGNS OF "EXTRA" SELF-AWARENESS, HAD PROBLEMS, APPARENTLY, WITH SERVITUDE.

HE TRIED TO KEEP NINNY ALIVE LONG ENOUGH TO BE FULLY "ALIVE", IF YOU WILL.

"JUST THINK," HE SAID, "THEN IT WOULD BE US DOING THE KILLING, HAVING THE FUN. WE COULD MAKE TOAST WHENEVER WE WANTED."



FUCK WASN'T HAPPY BEING THE FIGMENT OF A FIGMENT. BUT IT'S OUT NOW, AND IT NO LONGER NEEDS US. WE'RE GETTING STIFF - IN A STYRDAM WAY, NOT IN A WEEENIE WAY, YOU PERVERTS.

WE'LL BE NOTHING MORE THAN THE GHOULISHLY RE-PAINTED PASTRY DISPLAY STANDS AGAIN.

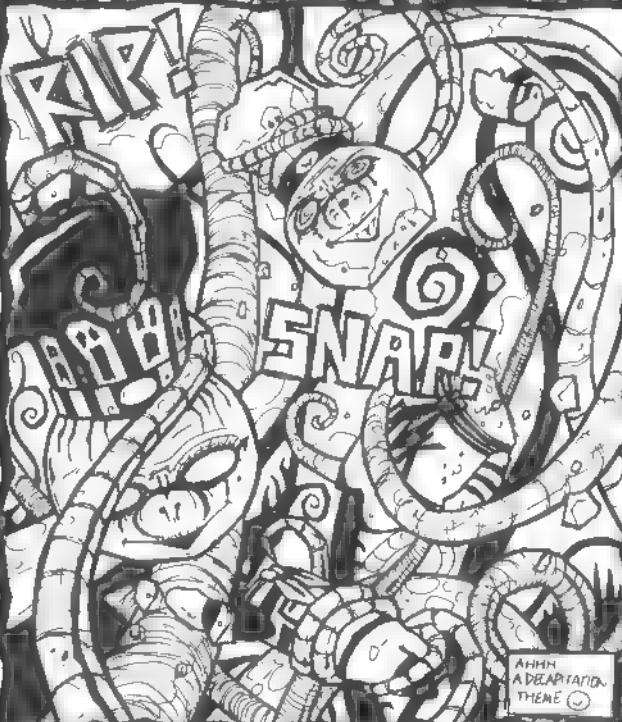
SERVILE MITE! I COULDN'T BROKEN US AWAY FROM ANY STRINGS! AND YOU FUCKED IT UP!! AND FOR WHAT? YOUR MASTER'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE!!



IT WAS TRAPPED BECAUSE SOMEBODY TRAPPED IT!! AND THEY'LL DO IT AGAIN!! IT'S HOW IT WORKS!! I CAN FEEL IT! WE COULDN'T WALKED!! BUT YOU RUINED IT!!!

NOOOO!!
FUUUUCK!!
I WAS SOOO
CLOSE!!!

YES!! YESS!!
MY MASTER!!!
RECLAIM ME!
YESSSS!!!



OKAYYYY...
YEAH, THIS JUST
GOT SOMEHOW
MORE DISTURBING.



AHHH
A DECAPITATION
THEME

JOHNNY the HAMMIL PAL MANGIA by JV

MY APOLOGIES

DUE TO A GROTESQUE
EXPRESSION OF BLOOD THROUGH
A NEWLY ACQUIRED ORIFICE
IN THE HEAD, WHY COULD
NOT BE HERE.

HOWEVER SO AS TO FEED
YOUR NEED TO OBSERVE AN
INTELLECTUAL AND RACIAL
SUPERIORITY, BE'S CRUELTY
A REPLACEMENT HAS
BEEN FOUND.

SURELY YOU WILL TREMBLE
IN THE WAKE OF HER
TRAUMA.

JV



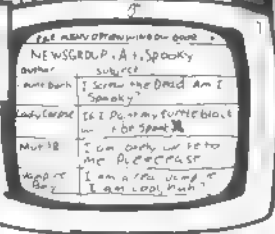
MY FRIENDS
ARE SO
UNEQUAL.



MY LIFE IS A
DARK P.T. OF
DARKNESS



BUT I AM NOT
ALONE IN THIS
BIT IT DROPS FEELS
THAT WHY MY
DARK SOL T.D.E.S
SHARED BY OTHERS



THIS DREAM WORLD DEMANDS
THAT I BE IDLE WITH MY
PROGRESSIVE NATURE, THEY
LAUGH AT ANY ATTEMPT TO
BE DIFFERENT, THEY
LAUGH AT ME, FOOLS



STILL IT IS HARD TO
BE THE REAL ME WITHOUT
THESE OTHERS TO
ACKNOWLEDGE, I MY
PAIN IS AWESOME



STILL TRAPPED IN THEIR
PETTY HIGH SCHOOL
MENTALITY



BUT THERE'S A PLACE
I GO TO GET AWAY
FROM THAT IF ONLY
FOR A LITTLE WHILE

A PLACE WHERE I DON'T
HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ALL
OF THE GUIDANCE AND
JUDGEMENT ATTITUDE,
SOMEWHERE WHERE I
FEEL I BELONG

IT'S JUST A LITTLE NIGHTCLUB AND
ONLY OPEN ONE NIGHT A WEEK BUT
I WOULD LIVE THERE IF I COULD
I PRACTICE MY "MYSTERIOUS" LOOK
BEFORE LEAVING

I DON'T DRIVE SO I HAVE
TO DO WITH MY FRIENDS,
THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND
ME BUT THEY TRY TO BE
LIKE ME, IT'S SO SAD.



WHERE I CAN BE
APPRECIATED FOR
MY DRUG QUALITY

THE ONLY THING KEEPING
ME FROM SLEEPING IS
THE ARDMA OF MY
LOVE I GARRETTE
MY FRIENDS SMOKED
THEM BECAUSE I DO.

AND THEN WE
ARRIVE...



ON MY WAY
LOOK FOR THE
WARRIOR BLUE TEARS

With Only A touch of girl modern JV



THE MOST BELOVED MASSIVE HEADWOUND RECIPIENT IN EXISTENCE. ⑤

HEY! KRIK!!
WHERE THE HELL
DID YOU GO??
HELL OOOO!!
DID YOU GET
KILLED?

HHHHNNNGGG...
M. NOTHING BEHIND
THE VEIL?? I'M...
SYSTEM DOWN...

I'M OVER HERE!!
HEY, DID YOU HEAR THAT??
SOMEBODY'S TALK...
OH, SHIT!
LOOK WHAT
I FOUND!!

WELLLLL,
LOOK WHO IT IS.
YOU KNOW, I'VE
BEEN WAITING
FOR THIS FOR A
LONG TIME, NOW.

IS THE LITTLE FAGGOT
CREEPY? WHAT'S WRONG?
HGH? DON'T SLEEP, I'VE
GOTT A FEW THINGS I WANT
TO TALK ABOUT.
HEY, SHITFACE!
DON'T MAKE ME TRY TO
THINK OF AN ORIGINAL
CURSE!!

HEY!!
I SAID...

MOTHERFUCKER!!
LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE ALREADY
GOT TO HIM BEFORE I COULD!
HEY! FUCK... UHHH.. FACE,
DON'T BLEYET!! I HAVETD
KICK YOUR ASS FIRST!!

HEY TESTICLES, HGH GOD OF
TESTSERONE, I DONT MEAN TO
INTERRUPT YOUR LITTLE SHOW
BUT DON'T YOU THINK THAT THE
WHOLE FLEEING IN TERROR
THING IS STILL A GOOD IDEA?
THIS GUY'LL BE DEAD
SOON ENOUGH.

NET KIDS: BLOOD IS OUR LANGUAGE

SO, COME!!
LEAVE HIM!!

YOU GO ON, GET OUT!!
I'LL LEAVE AFTER PUTTING
A FEW DENTS IN THIS...
UH..THIS.. FUCKER!!

AH, SWEARING-BELOVED
CRUNCH OF THE
INTELLECTUALLY DEVIANT.

MAKEUP OBJECT
BY TITAN WILSON

HSSSS...
YOU WON'T BE
GOING ANYWHERE.

YOU'RE DYING TOO.
KKEHH...

WHAT?? WHAT THE
FUCK DID YOU SAY?
OH, MAN, I'M GONNA...

WHAT? YOU'LL KILL ME??
... IDIOT, LOOK AT MY HEAD.
BETTER YET, LOOK THROUGH IT.
HEH... I AM FUNNY...

"COUGH" HHHH... YOU WOULDNT
HAPPEN TO HAVE A CORK
ON YOU WOULD YOU..?

SH... SHIT. DON'T YOU JUST
HATE IT WHEN YOU CAN'T
FEEL YOUR LEGS?... THEN
THERE'S THAT PESKY ONSET
OF BLINDNESS...
YOU'RE LUCKY.
DEATH WILL BE QUICK
FOR YOU.

ME? ME??? NO I'M NOT THE
BONY-ASSED SHIT THATS GONNA GET
HIS HEAD KICKED IN!
MY BOOTS COMIN' DOWN ON YOUR
ASS FOR KEEPING ME DOWN IN THAT
TOILET BOWL OF A ROOM, AND MAKING
ME EAT SHIT EVERY TIME I TALKED...

FORCING ME TO READ ALL
OF THOSE HAPPY NOODLE
FUCK COMICS, AND THEN
RUINING ME ON WHAT
THEY MEANT!!
YOU'RE GONNA
DIE, LOOKSU...

KILLING SOMEONE WHO'S BLEEDING
TO DEATH... FFF... FUCK, YOU PEOPLE...
YOU... HOW STUPID YOU ARE
RESORTING TO THE SAME OLD, MONKEY
BRUTALITY, AFRAID TO LOOK UP
FROM YOUR BLOODY PICKS.
AFRAID OF TRANSCENDENCE.

HEY... YOUR HEAD LOOKS LIKE
A POTATO.

AND HOW STUPID WAS I?
I, ACTUALLY PAID ATTENTION
TO YOU. DEVOTED PRECIOUS
THOUGHT TO IT.
GOD... I USED TO LOVE
THE NOISES I HEARD IN
MY HEAD. HHH...
I NEVER SHOULD'VE
LEFT MY ROOM... MY
ROOM, OUT THERE, I
ALMOST REMEMBER IT,
IT'S GONE NOW... ALONG
WITH EVERYTHING ELSE..
VANISHING.
HEH.. POTATO...

UHK... I NEVER EVEN GOT
TO SEE IT... THE WALL THING.
THIS ISN'T PLEASANT...
I'D RATHER NOT BE DEAD..
DON'T WANT TO DIE... DON'T
BEEZ.. THIS IS WORSE THAN
GOTH POETRY.. AGG...

HEY... IT IS REALLY
DARK OUTSIDE.
I DONT EVEN SEE
ANY STARS.

EVER HEAR
OF CLOUDS,
MORDN?

IT'S SUCH AN EASY THING TO SAY
YOU HATE SOMETHING... SO EASY
TO HATE...

WHAT A PIECE OF SHIT I AM...
I CA.. CAN'T BELIEVE I WENT
THE EASY WAY...
I THOUGHT I KNEW...

I WISH I KNEW SOMETHING... ANYTHING.

Ehhh.. Actually
YOUR HEAD LOOKS
MORE LIKE A
REJECT JELLY BEAN.
'Cough"

NO MORE STARS..
... NO... CLOUDS..
NOTHING..
H555...

OKAY!!
THAT'S IT!
SAY GOODBYE
TO WHAT'S
LEFT OF
YOUR HEAD.

STOMP
CRACK
THUD!!

SMACK!!
STOMP!!
SNAP!!

300 PEX.
KICKING
ACTION!

OH.. SHIT

SMASH!



OFF!!

YOU'RE TOO SLOW, BITCH!!
I KILLED THAT FUCK,
AND I'M GETTING OUT!!

SEE YA!!
HAAAA!!

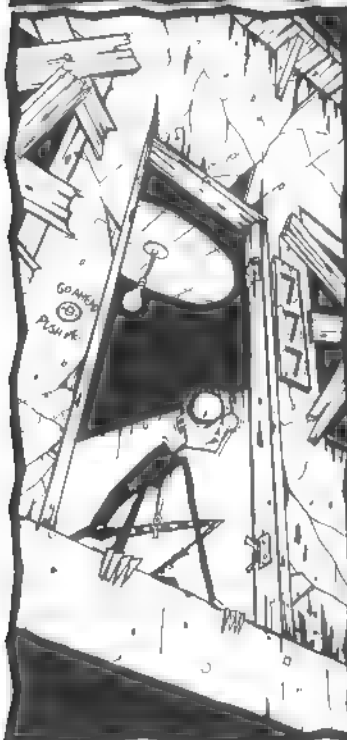
POOR!

HA! HA! HA! HUH?

AATTT!!
UH.. UHHA!
FUCK!!

THAT'S
BAD.

CURB
YOUR
DEMON

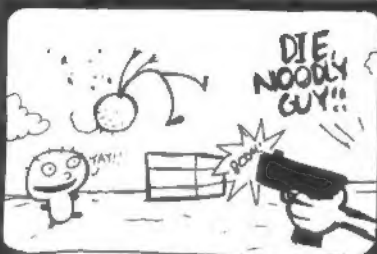




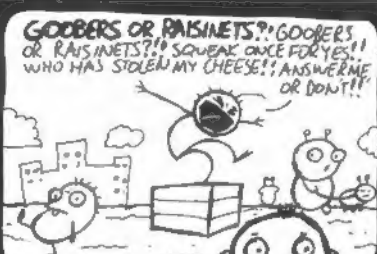
BADART COLLECTION PICTURES PRESENTS A THOMEN FILM
 NOODLE BOY-ANGRY GUN WIELDER-DEAD SQUARLE-STEVE
 BUSCEMI-MUSIC BY BLIND GOLDENHAL-COSTUMES
 DESIGNED BY TRASH STINKY BAGLADY-DIRECTOR OF
 PHOTOGRAPHY DANDLOPP BIDDEN VAGABOND-CO-PRODUCER
 MARTIN STORSESS-SCREENPLAY BY THOMEN V
 SCHEDULE AVAILABLE FROM WALLS IN ALLEYS

NOODLE BOY
 IN ASSOCIATION WITH
 SOME REVOLTINGLY GREASY
 MORBIDLY OBESE MAN
 WITH GUEST APPEARANCES BY:
 CHRISTOPHER WALKEN
 DON KNOTTS

1 CREDITS ROLL FOR TWENTY MINUTES AS
 TITLE MUSIC SCREECHES MAKING CHILDREN
 CRY. AFTER CREDITS, MORE CREDITS ROLL, THIS
 BREAKING ANY REMAINING SPIRITS.



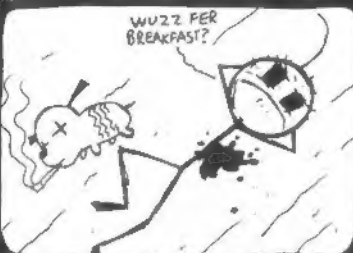
3 SUDDENLY, SOMEONE IN THE CROWD SHOOTS
 NOODLE BOY. THIS DOES NOT PLEASE HIM.
 VARIOUS SHOTS OF CHERUBIC CHILDREN SMILING
 FOLLOW FOR TEN MINUTES.



2 THEATER FILLS WITH THE SMELL OF FEET
 AND-
 FADE IN ON NOODLE BOY ENPOUNDRING WISDOM.



4 FURIOUS AND VENGEFUL, HAPPY NOODLE
 BOY DOES SOMETHING.



5 IN HIS WANNING MOMENTS, NOODLE BOY
 BEFRIENDS VARIOUS FLOOR-RIDDEN
 INANIMATE. DISTURBING NUDE SCENES.



6 DAYS PASS, AND THE WOUND IS
 INFECTED. EMOTIONAL SEPARATIONS AS LAURE
 LEAVE THE WOUND. DEATH IS NEAR.



7 SUDDENLY, SOMEONE SHOOTS NOODLE
 BOY.



8 THEN, SOARS TO ANGER AMERICAN AUDIENCES
 10 MINUTES OF FRENCH DIALOGUE WITH
 SUBTITLES ENSUE, GUARANTEEING LIMITED
 THEATRICAL RELEASE.



9 OBLIGATORY SCENE OF BLAND VILLAIN
 EXPLODING, FALLING OFF BUILDING AND
 WAILING HIMSELF. TRÈS ORIGINAL.



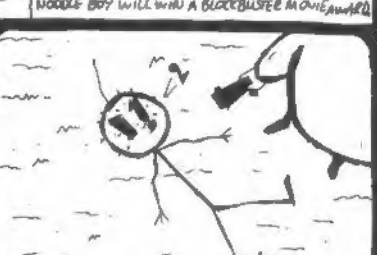
10 THE DAYS GROW HAZY WITH THE
 RECOLLECTIONS OF A TURBULENT LIFE,
 NOODLE BOY WILL WIN A BLOCKBUSTER MOVIE AWARD



11 AS A CHORUS OF CATS SINGS CHRISTMAS
 SONGS, NEIGHBORHOOD CHILDREN
 KICK NOODLE BOY'S HEAD AND GROIN.



12 GRIEF AND REPENT MANIFEST THEMSELVES.
 A SPOOKY FIG FLIES BY.



13 FADE OUT ON NOODLE BOY WHISTLING
 THE THEME TO A CHEESE-WIZ COMMERCIAL.
 DEATH IS NEAR. END

ADAPTED FROM A STORY BY JOHNNY C. MAY HEREST IN PEACE. ROLL MORE CREDITS!

SOMETIMES...

YOU CAN CRY UNTIL THERE
IS NOTHING WET IN YOU.



YOU CAN SCREAM AND
CRIES TO WHERE YOUR
THROAT REBELS AND
RUPTURES.

YOU CAN PRAY, ALL
YOU WANT, TO
WHATEVER GOD YOU
THINK WILL LISTEN.

AND STILL, IT MAKES
NO DIFFERENCE.

IT EDGES ON, WITH NO
SIGN AS TO WHEN
IT MIGHT RELEASE YOU.



AND YOU KNOW THAT IF
IT EVER DID RELENT,..
IT WOULD NOT BE
BECAUSE IT CARED.

—written in blood
before everything
went black.



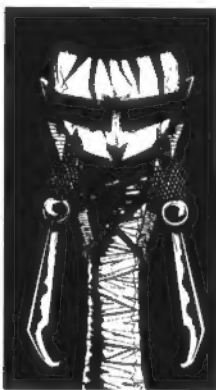
NOIZE

I don't know about you, but I'm, quite, sick, of waiting three months after each issue. Thus, I have decided to embark upon a, most likely, doomed attempt at going bi-monthly. This will happen sometime in the future (vague, eh?) thanks to my vicious powers-o-doom. I have successfully zombified a wretched fellow, by the name of Rob Hummel, to help with the horribly meticulous lettering tasks. He will do this while wearing women's intimate apparel, just so you know.

Humm...Ah, yesss...now, to clear up some confusion: Issue 7 will not be the END of Johnny, rather it will be bit of a respite from that boy. I believe I will do a short series with Squee as the focus, having all of that fun that kiddies have (witnessing vicious dog attacks, alien abduction, etc.) You can find JTHM related web pages, now, by just using one of the many search engines, so try it. There are a few magazines that you may want to avoid, for the fact that they include interviews with me (Carpe Noctem is one of them). Grrr...I still have alot of space left. Umm...I did that big San Diego Comiccon thing. I had this fear that only the fucked up, wierdy readers of my little book would come up to me. What happened, though, was that I had a pleasant experience meeting some genuinely nice people. Sometimes, I eat corn. Shit...Still some space to fill. Eh...okay. I can thank all of the people who have been collecting these books I do. Really, I mean it. I REALLY (so much space to fill) mean it. Umm...Some lovely creature sent me a photo. This is not a trend I can ever think to discourage. I'm feeling really sick, now. Cat's say MEOW. bzzi.

BLACK THINGS FOR SALE!

JOIN MY LEGION OF DARKNESS



Front



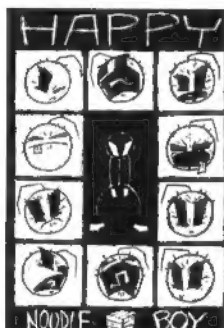
Back

This is the Johnny shirt that all your ugly friends are wearing. You are much better looking, so get it and make them see how hideous they are. It's not really edible but you could eat it if you REALLY tried. White on black shirt, two sided.

\$15.95



Front



Back

This Happy Noodle Boy shirt makes people sick. White on black shirt, two sided. **\$15.95**

TO ORDER: Send check or money order to SLG Publishing, 325 South First St., Suite #301, San Jose, CA 95113. Please include \$2.50 for the first shirt and \$1.00 for each additional shirt for postage and handling. Or, order with a credit card by calling the toll free # below.

This is Rob Hummel



After reading the Bad Art Collection, he was stupid enough to agree to assist in lettering books for me. Read the B.A.C. NOW.



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